

That *Refrance* and *Guildesterne* are dead :

Where should we haue our thanks ?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,

Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you :

He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.

But since to iumpe vpon this bloodie question,

You from the Polake warres, and you from England

Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies

High on a flage be placed to the view,

And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,

How these things came about. So shall you heare

Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,

Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters

Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,

And in this vphot, purposes mistooke,

Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I

Truly deliuer.

*For.* Let vs haft to heare it,

And call the Noblest to the Audiance.

For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,

I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are so claime, my vantage doth  
Inuite me,

*Hor.* Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,  
And from his mouth

Whose voyce will draw on more :

But let this same be presently perform'd,

Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,

Left more mischance

On plots, and errors happen.

*For.* Let foure Captaines

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,

For he was likely, had he beene put on

To haue prou'd most royally :

And for his passage,

The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre

Speake lowdly for him.

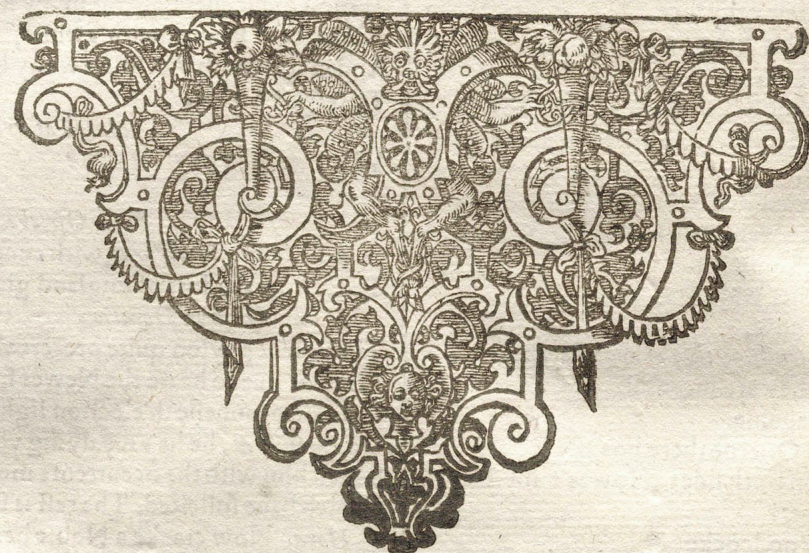
Take vp the body ; Such a fight as this

Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis,

Go, bid the Souldiers shoote,

*Exeunt Marching : after the which, a Peale of  
Ordenance are shot off.*

FINIS.



# THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.*

*Kent.*

**I** thought the King had more affected the  
Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

*Glow.* It did alwayes seeme so to vs : But  
now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it ap-  
peares not which of the Dukes hee valewes  
most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in nei-  
ther, can make choise of eithers moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your Son, my Lord ?

*Glow.* His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue  
so often bluth'd to acknowledge him, that now I am  
braz'd too't.

*Kent.* I cannot conceiue you.

*Glow.* Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could ; where-  
vpon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a  
Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.  
Do you smell a fault ?

*Kent.* I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it,  
being so proper.

*Glow.* But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some  
yeere elder then this ; who, yet is no deerer in my ac-  
count, though this Knaue came somthing sawcily to the  
world before he was sent for : yet was his Mother sayre,  
there was good sport at his making, and the horson must  
be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentle-  
man, *Edmond* ?

*Edm.* No, my Lord.

*Glow.* My Lord of *Kent* :

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

*Edm.* My seruices to your Lordship.

*Kent.* I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deseruing.

*Glow.* He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall  
again. The King is comming.

*Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Re-  
gan, Cordelia, and attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the Lords of *France* & *Burgundy*, *Gloster*.

*Glow.* I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

*Lear.* Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.

Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided

In three our Kingdome : and 'tis our fast intent,

To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,

Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we

Vnburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwall*,

And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,

We haue this houre a constant will to publish  
Our daughters seuerall Dowers, that future strife  
May be prevented now. The Princess, *France* & *Burgundy*,  
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,  
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourn,  
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters  
(Since now we will diuct vs both of Rule,  
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)

Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,

That we, our largest bountie may extend

Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,

Our eldest borne, speake first.

*Gow.* Sir, I loue you more then word can weild & matter,

Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,

Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,

No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor :

As much as Child ere lou'd, or Father found.

A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,

Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

*Cor.* What shall *Cordelia* speake ? Loue, and be silent.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,

With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd

With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades

We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues

We be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter ?

Our deereft *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall* ?

*Reg.* I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,

I finde the names my very deede of loue :

Onely she comes too short, that I professe

My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,

Which the most precious square of sense professes,

And finde I am alone felicitate

In your deere Highnesse loue.

*Cor.* Then poore *Cordelia*,

And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's

More ponderous then my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,

Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,

No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure

Then that confer'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,

Although our last and least ; to whose yong loue

The Vines of *France*, and Milke of *Burgundie*,

Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw

A third, more opilent then your Sisters ? speake.

*Cor.* Nothing my Lord.

*Lear.* Nothing ?